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SCANDALOUS NOBILITY.

English Scandals Which Recall the Restoration and Regency.

London Cor. New York World.

In such times as these it would be a great advantage to the "upper classes" if they could show, so to speak a clean bill of health. Their position is at the best not a strong one, and they are making it weaker every day. The Buller divorce case, which has recently occupied the attention of the public is but an example of the scandals now so plentiful in "society" that they cease to attract remark. In fact it seems to me that all that is needed nowadays to start in fashionable life is to show a certain amiable willingness to loose your money at cards and be seen as much as possible in public with some woman who is not your wife. Comply with these conditions, and no questions will be asked. You will soon get made an honorary member of one or two gambling clubs, which are the favorite places of resort of highly distinguished persons, and the one condition on which you may retain popularity is that you do not win. Lose every night, and lose with a good grace. As for the other part of the programme, there never can be much difficulty about a man finding an affinity. Let him go to the Lotus Club, where the principle of modern society is faithfully respected, and it will be strange if he does not light upon some one who is willing to share his brougham with him. This sort of life no longer excites adverse criticism. It seems to be the proper to do if you wish to mix in the fashionable world and do not desire to be thought eccentric. Your namesake—the World—is a long way within the mark when it says; "The peculiarity of our age is not the amount of immorality that prevails, but the shamelessness with which it shows itself and the practical impunity it enjoys. A woman's bad reputation is no longer anything against her. Mrs. Buller is quite a fashionable woman, and no one seems to have thought the worse of her because she had lived with half a dozen men, including Mr. Flower who caused Lord Dupplin to get a divorce from his wife. Lord Dupplin is so highly moral a man himself that naturally he could not tolerate the least indiscretion on the part of his wife. They say he is going to marry an American young lady. I wonder whether the family has made any inquiry in London as to this most virtuous Lord's past exploits? Why does he not content himself with marrying some American lady who is not young? At least one such is just now more prominent in London society than she would be likely to be in the society of New York.

Mrs. Buller is very unlucky in not having been able to settle her little difficulties privately. There are other women who do precisely as she has done, and whose lives are perfectly well known to everybody who is about London; but either they manage to keep on fairly civil terms with their husbands or they contrive to steer clear of the divorce court and exposure. In fashionable circles the marriage contract seems to be based on easy and simple principles—entire freedom of action reserved for both parties, and a latch-key for wife as well as for husband. The other evening I was at a place of great public resort, and counted seven well-known men in London life who were with women equally well known—and nobody thought it strange or unusual. No concealment is thought necessary. Mrs. Buller is being lectured all round for her misconduct, but her lecturers must be well aware that she is not a bit worse than Mrs. A. or Mrs. B.—to easy would it be to give real names!—who are invited to every fashionable house. When the social history of the Victorian aristocracy comes to be written, the chronicle will be found quite as scandalous as that of Charles the Second's. If you doubt it, you had better borrow the note book of a friend of mine who has for some years past kept a record of public scandals only, taking no account of private ones. It is quite as "racy" as

certain parts of Pepys's Diary, and throws the Greville Memoirs altogether in the shade. The class a little beneath the aristocracy take good care not to be left behind in the race. Imitators generally outdo the originals. Public opinion no longer condemns open immorality. It only looks on approvingly. It was the same, one remembers, in France in the days of Dubarry and Louis le bien aime. Society was founded upon the idea of promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and there was no one to object—no one, at least, that people in the "right set" could condescend to take heed of. The "nobility and gentry" found the world a pleasant one, and they did as they liked in it. A few years passed away, and they discovered that there had been a contrary opinion all the time, and that it was stronger immeasurably than they who had despised it. What happened to them after that is not yet quite forgotten. Let us hope that history does not always repeat itself, but again it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the aristocratic and fashionable classes are making but a sorry preparation for the day of trial in store for them.

The Idleness of Girls.

A great mistake that many girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to this industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the time. "Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects, say—the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life,' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the short comings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor deluded woman! She did it all herself, indeed!

The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness or even of justice, a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household. And the foolish way in which mothers sometimes talk about this, is mischievous in the extreme. "Oh! Hattie is so absorbed in her books, or her crayons, or embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary household work. The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter, and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose. The result of all this is to form in the minds of many gifted girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live by some means or other. There is scarcely one letter I have received which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you girls, that if you are allowing yourself to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.—Rev. W. Gladden.

Is it Possible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—Post.

Col. Nicholas Smith, who married a daughter of Horace Greeley, is the handsome man at Saratoga. Poor fellow!

Albert Copley, of McDaniels' P. O. Ohio Makes a Statement.

"I have been a great sufferer for years with inflammation of the kidneys, and a nervous disease that caused a twitting of the face, mouth and eyes to such an extent that I could not appear in company. DAY'S KIDNEY PAD has entirely cured me, and I shall never fail to do all I can to have its merits known."

A MODEST SPORTSMAN.

Experience of a Camping Party in the Yosemite.

From the San Francisco Post.

Last week a select party of newspaper proprietors and editors were doing Yosemite, when one of the tourists, while out shooting, chanced upon a lot of campers out about two miles from the hotel.

The gunner only found one individual in possession of the camp, a thin young man with a mild, not to say timid, blue eye and a red nose, who at once tendered him a seat on a cracker box, and produced the reserved demijohn of old Cutter with earnest hospitality.

"Howdy, howdy," said the camper out, with great animation; "we've been expecting some of you fellows over here all the week."

"Have, eh?" replied the other, putting down his gun and a four-finger nip.

"Yes. I told the boys this morning, when they started out after deer I'd stay in camp so that in case any of you fellows came over I could give you a few points about our party."

"Did, eh?" responded the guest, helping himself to some hot water and accepting a lump from a collar box sugar bowl.

"Yes; I suppose we've just got the nicest set of fellows you ever saw for a camping out party—all 'cept one or two. Now, there's Bill McGinley, for instance—father keeps a coal yard on Howard street—he's a regular fraud."

"Is, eh?" rejoined the gunner, trying a little cold with mint.

"You bet he is. You see he's the biggest eater and the laziest man in the state, but we brought him along because he said he was a way-up cook. He let on that when he boarded at Baldwin's the head cook used to come to him for points."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and when it was his turn to cook last week he started off to make a rabbit stew, and I hope I may be paralyzed if he didn't put the rabbit in the pot without its being cleaned—skin on and all. Said he hoped he might be struck dead if that wasn't the way they cooked 'em in Paris."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and then there's Tom Diffee. He's another nuisance. You see Tom has recently gone into the retail dry goods business, and he's got shop on the brain. Every day or two he dresses up and goes over to a ranch up here and flirts with the granger's daughters, just so he can talk about dry goods to them. We overheard him down in the canon the other day with one of 'em, and the way he mixed up canton flannel and compliments, bombazine and beauty, gingham and gush, love and lace was something horrible."

"Was, eh?"

"Oh, fearful. But the worst pill in the box after all is a fellow—he's out trout fishing now—who thinks he has a voice. He is forever working off a ballad or something."

"Is, eh?"

"Yes; and you never heard such singing in all your born [days]. The first day out he soured all the condensed milk with three verses of 'Grandfather's Clock.' You see he has a sort of capper with him who can't hear very well, and who keeps asking him to perpetrate some outrage or other in three flats. Does it out spite, you know. Why, the other night Skuggs—that's his name—actually woke us all by grinding out 'You'll Remember Me,' at 2 a. m., and when we threatened to pile blankets and things on him, he explained that he had heard a wildcat in the chaparral, and he understood that wild animals could be soothed, as it were, by harmony."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, he did; and we stood it till one day we found him up on the mountain yonder, treed by a wild hog, and we made him take an ironclad oath to choke off his vocalism before we helped him out of the scrape."

"Why didn't he work off a ballad on the hog?"

"That's just what I said; but he hadn't the presence of mind. Why, about three bars of 'Come Sit by my Side, Little Darling,' would have knocked the hog endways in no time. Case of bore against boar, you see."

"Cured him, eh?"

"Well, sorter; but game's getting so all-fired scarce around here now that we think he must go off somewhere by himself and warble on the sly."

"Don't carry high hats, do you?" said the visitor, indicating a leather hat box.

"Only one of us," returns the camper out. "He's a Sunday-school superintendent named Driggs, and every Sunday morning he dresses up full rig and goes off somewhere and sits on a stump all day sucking a gold-headed cane. He says the solemnity of the day ought to be respected."

"Does, eh?"

"Yes—and—but would you like a little

lunch? Got some first-rate canned venison."

"Don't you get any deer?"

"Why, of course, but—we—ahem—we ship 'em all home. Prefer the canned article. Of course, we get lots of game; that is some of us do. I thought you'd be asking us about that, so I made out a game list."

And the thin young man produced a penciled up paper collar, which he languidly read off:

Skidmore—Rabbits, 9, doves 1. Steve-dore—Rabbits 1, doves 6. Bundy—Rabbits 1, doves 1. McFeely—Rabbits 1, doves 1. Julius B. Boddley—Deer 72, bear 41, wildcats 63, rabbits 346, doves 798, bald eagles 16.

"I suppose you're Boddley?" he said to his host.

"Exactly. I don't how it is, but somehow I seem to have better luck than the rest. I guess it must be my system. You see, I select about twenty stumps exactly in a line, and I put a lump of salt on each. Then I hide at one end on moonlight nights, and when the deer comes down to lick the salt I wait till there is a dozen or so in line and biff a hole through the whole lot with that big-bore rifle over there."

"Do, eh?"

"Yes; and after that I wait till as many bears come sniffing around the dead deer, and plank a ball through them, too. After that I wait for wild cats and things, the same way."

"Big scheme, that," absently remarked the visitor, and he gazed wistfully into the mouth of the empty demijohn and rose to depart.

"You'll send me a few copies?" inquired the Nimrod. "Don't forget to put in the full name, Julius B—"

"Put it in where?" yawned the other.

"Why, in your paper. You're one of the journalists, ain't you?"

"Oh, bless your soul, no! I'm only one of the party's guests, and—"

"Not a newspaper man," roared the entertainer, with great disgust, "and you've had the cheek to get away with the last drop of whisky in the camp and keep me chinning away here in the hot sun for half an hour! And now, after all, I've got to go over the whole thing again—"

And as the visitor drifted off he could hear his late host repeating Kearneyism unfit for publication, until he was out of hearing.

Plenty of Money.

Plenty of money secures leisure and buys pleasure; but will not always restore health when lost. Mr. H. Lulay, Suffolk, O., writes: My wife was affected with Liver Complaint for fifteen years, and could not find any relief, with the aid of all the physicians we consulted. I concluded to try the Hamburg Drops. My wife was cured, and since that day we have not seen a physician in our house.—Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Suffocated in an Elevator.

From the McPherson Freeman.

Last Saturday, Morris Creek, aged about twelve years, Ed Wright, Fred Simpson, and Vic. Aeggelund were playing about the Novelty elevator. The boys were in the large bin from which the wheat is run into cars. The bottom of the bin is funnel shaped with a spout in the center through which the wheat passes into the car. The boys have been accustomed to stand on top of the wheat and ride down as the wheat settled. When there is but little wheat in the bin there is no danger; but when there is a large lot of wheat, and the feed spout of the bin is open and the grain pouring in, the danger is very great. Both spouts were open Saturday when Morris Creek jumped on to the wheat for a ride. He was carried down rapidly, buried in the wheat, and suffocated in a few minutes. The other boys called help, which came, but not in time to save Morris. He had been drawn down by the suction and was buried some two or three feet under the wheat. He was taken out as quickly as possible by the men who were at work loading the car, but not in time to save his life.

The wife of Rev. A. A. Allen, had been afflicted with Rheumatism for the past six years; she tried St. Jacobs Oil one evening, which relieved her of all pain, and she rested in peace for the night. One bottle cured her.—Holly (Mich.) Register.

A Reading, Pa., man, only sixty-five years old, has been married three times, and is the father of eleven pairs of twins. He has forty-one children in all.

Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is in good demand; everybody speaks well of it. The price is only 25 cents.